

The Critic and Good Literature

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"Cash Down," or a Percentage?

THE grievance of authors against publishers is said to be as old as the making of books. Publishers are supposed by many people to stand ready, not only to seize the works of foreign authors and reprint them,—to their own gain and the owners' loss,—but to be as grasping and merciless in their dealings with native writers. The cry constantly reaches us that authors are not paid according to their deserts; that the publishers, who are mere machines, swallow up the bulk of the profits, leaving the literary fraternity to starve on their poor little ten per cent. 'Cash down' is the demand of those who make this complaint. If an author's manuscript is worth printing, it is worth paying cash for, they say. A complaint of this sort was recently printed in the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. The name of the complaining author was not given; but he seemed to believe thoroughly in what he said. While we have our own opinion on this subject, it is, of course, that of laymen, for we are neither authors nor publishers. We could quote any number of instances to prove that a percentage has been the best arrangement for the author. For example, a publishing house in Springfield, Mass., wanted Dr. J. G. Holland to write a Life of Lincoln, and have it ready in ninety days after the President's death. Dr. Holland said he would do so, but that he must have \$5000 down when the MS. was finished. The publisher said this was impossible, and Dr. Holland was persuaded to accept a percentage. Within a year it yielded him \$20,000. Mrs. H. B. Stowe might tell a similar story. Her publisher says she would have taken \$100 for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and considered herself well paid. He gave her ten per cent instead. At the end of six months this took the form of a check for \$10,000,—and at the end of a year a similar amount was again deposited to her husband's credit at the bank. But there are two sides to this, as to every question, and that both may be publicly advocated, we have written to a number of representative American authors, whose preferences are clearly indicated in the letters printed herewith:

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I should prefer a percentage from home publishers, and cash down from foreign ones. But special circumstances might change my preference.

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1884.

O. W. HOLMES.

I have received your kind note of the 30th ultimo and regret that, not being of the guild of writers, I am unable to speak with either authority or intelligence in regard to the subject you mention. Writing as I do, entirely in the interest of the toiling millions, I have given no thought to the question of possible compensation for my work. Most of the critics who have honored me with their notice (yourself being a rare and gracious exception) have agreed, with an unanimity which is surprising in a race so irritable, that the only reward I deserve for my self-sacrificing labors in the cause of humanity is the guillotine or the knout. I have never taken time to consider whether I would prefer to have

this remuneration delivered all at once or distributed over a course of years.

I may add that since receiving your letter I have seen a prominent publisher and asked him what was the prevailing belief of literary men in regard to 'cash payments' or 'percentages.' He told me that so far as his acquaintance with men-of-letters went, they believed,—with singular fervor and energy,—in both.

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BREAD-WINNERS.'

NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1884.

I suppose that authors may be divided into three classes: (1) Those who can dictate terms to their publishers, and of whom Mr. Clemens is a conspicuous example. (2) Those who are on equal terms (not of profit,—oh, no! but of bargaining) with the publishers, and whose sales, while sure, are more or less variable. (3) Those who are glad to get a publisher on any terms, even paying for the privilege.

Your question, then, concerns the interests of the first two classes only. I should think that an author belonging to the first of them would be glad to relieve himself of business doubts and cares by accepting the liberal 'lump sum' which he could demand and readily secure. As to the second class, the estimates of the author and his publisher are inevitably affected by the imagination of the one and the caution of the other, and it is difficult to show why the royalty system is not the fairest basis of compromise. Besides, it leaves room for the Pleasures of Hope and Speculation, of which it would be a pity to deprive an author who, like myself, rarely has a very much more substantial return for his labors.

I will add, however, that the conventional royalty of ten per centum, in the case of an author whose works are sure of a successful sale, does not, in my opinion, give him a just share of the profits accruing from the sale,—Mr. Putnam's pleasant treatise to the contrary notwithstanding. Though I shall be too much occupied, for some time to come, to give my reasons for this opinion, it has not been lightly formed.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1884.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

The subject of your letter is one which I have never considered and upon which I have therefore no opinion. I have been paid in both ways, and in each have found a certain advantage, according to circumstances.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1884.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

In answer to your question, let me put it in another form, and the reply then seems self-evident: Had one better work for one's self, and get the profit of his labor,—profit meaning what remains after the cost of production is returned; or had one better work for another at wages—which is only part of the cost of production—and let his employer have the profit? Or put it another way: Is it better to be the capitalist who buys other men's labor and sells it again for more than he gave for it—which is profit; or be only one of the employed who sells his labor for living wages only, and gets no other return?

The manufacturer of a book—the publisher—puts his capital in it, and waits the return of the capital with interest for its use. The value of the book is not merely, nor chiefly, in the paper, the type-setting, the press-work, the binding, etc., but in the brain-work of the writer. This brain-work the publisher must buy for wages, or else take the author into partnership for this transaction. In the latter case the author also becomes a capitalist, and waits the return of his investment—the equivalent of money—with the interest it has gained. In the former case he gets only his wages, like other laborers; and the publisher, owning all the capital, gets all the interest—profit—for its use. Shall the author take the risk? That is purely a question of whether he can or cannot afford it. The result of risk is, practically, that publishers grow rich, and the authors who give their books their selling-values, if they work for wages, always remain poor, earning only their daily bread—if they do that.

All this, of course, is on the supposition that a book is, in a pecuniary sense, worth publishing. Publishers will not knowingly invest in any other kind; nor will they pay wages a second time to an author whose work has not brought them a fair return for capital invested, wages to author included. If an author is, unfortunately, so poor that he must have daily wages for daily labor, he must be content with about the remuneration of a skilled mechanic. But if he can wait for a return of invested capital—in his case, brains—he is wise to put himself on the same plane with the capitalist who grows rich on the returns of such investments.

S. H. GAY.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., Jan. 31, 1884.

In answer to your question whether I believe in cash down or a percentage from publishers to authors for their books, I can only say that I believe in both,—*viz.*, in cash down, when it is likely to be more than a percentage, and in a percentage when it is likely to be more than cash down. The magical words, 'Cash down,' are tempting to most authors, I imagine: at any rate, I find them so, believing, as I do, in the one bird in the hand rather than in the supposititious two birds in the bush.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1884.

R. H. STODDARD.

It appears to me that the question you propose is one that should be settled by facts. If the experiences of a sufficient number of authors could be collated, a good general rule could be laid down,—a rule, however, to which there might be many exceptions, owing to the circumstances of the author and the conditions under which the book was written.

My experience would lead me to say emphatically that the author's best course is to form relations with publishers in whom he has confidence, and to be content with the regular percentage on the sales of his books. I was offered \$300 for the MS. of my first novel. Had I taken this sum, I would have lost many thousands of dollars; and now after the lapse of thirteen years the book is a source of steady and increasing income. The same is true of all my other novels. Moreover, by keeping control of his works the author can revise them in after years.

Three obvious exceptions to the rule suggested occur to me. (1) A writer may be offered a certain sum to produce a book on a given topic. (2) He may take advantage of some degree of popularity and 'make hay while the sun shines.' (3) His circumstances may be such as to require the immediate use of a considerable sum of money. My opinion, in brief, modified by circumstances, is in favor of the percentage system.

EDWARD P. ROE.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1884.

I believe in percentage as a rule, if it is large enough. That seems the fairest way all round. 'Cash down,' except for authors of great popularity at the time of publication, would be apt to be much smaller pay than they merit who have their reputation to make and possibly may be popular.

C. D. WARNER.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1884.

The question which you address to me involves so many considerations that I hardly see how it can be briefly answered. I do not believe that the author's condition would be at all improved, if the publisher were to buy his MS. for a cash price. A first book would in that case be paid for but in rare instances, as the publisher would insist that the risks which he incurred were too great to warrant him in making any further outlay than the manufacture and advertising of the book necessitated. The author, inexperienced as he is apt to be in matters of business, would readily acquiesce in this arrangement, and deem himself fortunate in reaping the prospective honors of authorship without any direct pecuniary sacrifice. He might even be induced to pay for the stereotyped plates; and after a half-hour's interview with the publisher, would be persuaded that he is a favored mortal in obtaining the well-known imprint of the firm upon his title-page at so slight a cost.

The effects of the present system of a fixed low percentage on the retail price I have not the time to discuss. Suffice it to say that it often works great injustice. I should be in favor of what might be styled a progressive percentage,—*e.g.*, ten percent on the first and second thousand copies, and an increase, within reasonable bounds, on the following editions. It is the type-setting and stereotyping which are the heaviest items in the manufacture of a book, and these are the same whether the book reaches a sale of one hundred or of fifty thousand copies. The publisher can therefore well afford to pay as much as twenty or twenty-five percent on the fifth, sixth and all succeeding thousands, even if the present rate of ten percent would have to be adhered to in the case of works which did not sell beyond the second or third thousand.

I have always had this plan much at heart, and although I have heard, a dozen times, the publishers' argument against it, I have never been convinced that it would not secure them a good profit, and at the same time enable the author of established reputation to reap a proportionate benefit from the growth of his popularity.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1884.

I think that the percentage plan is altogether the fairest and the least likely to result in dissatisfaction. But I do not admire the percentage system as it works at present. I hold that an author's remuneration should be on a sliding scale,—instead of on a slipping one, as now. An author who gets only ten percent on a sale of 20,000 copies of his book does not get his fair share of the profits. He should have nothing on the first thousand (the author's labor and the publisher's capital constitute the 'plant'); on the next five thousand the writer should receive fifteen percent copyright; after that, twenty percent.

This obviously equitable arrangement will find favor with all the parties concerned, when we get an International Copyright Law—and the Millennium! T. B. ALDRICH.

Atlantic Monthly, BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1884.

I have not thought much upon the subject of your inquiry, but I should certainly prefer a percentage, and I should advise any young author to take it rather than 'cash down.' I give you my opinion without the reasons. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., Jan. 31, 1884.

With an honest publisher, the percentage plan seems the best. I have tried it, and find it answer excellently since I fell into the hands of Roberts Bros. Before that happy period, I had many tribulations, and inclined to the 'cash down' method.

BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1884.

L. M. ALCOTT.

All things considered, I believe that a percentage on the retail price of every volume sold is the fairest arrangement for both author and publisher. I may add that I think that a percentage of the gross receipts of the theatre is also the fairest possible payment for the dramatist: he gets it in France now, and he is beginning to get it here.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1884.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

In reply to yours of 30th ult., I am compelled to say that I have no opinion about the relative merits of 'cash down' or a percentage from publisher to author. I have never received cash down, and don't know how it feels. Percentage would seem to be the only safe way for both publisher and author.

ESOPUS, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1884.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

I am in favor of a royalty to authors as much the most equitable mode of payment. I am sure that our more liberal publishers recognize this. English publishers prefer the cash system, but English publishers, if my experience is any guide, are far from liberal. If one is doing business with a publisher on percentage, it is of course important that he shall be a man of business honor. I have never had reason to doubt the straightforward correctness of any of the houses by which my books are published, and I have trusted their returns implicitly. Of course this is not business-like. The publisher has every ream of paper checked off upon his bills, but the author takes his account without question. Without doubt a better method in some regards than either the English or the American system can be found. But it will not be the delusive 'half-profits' system, by which a treatise on book-keeping would form an essential part of every sound bargain. The feature of royalty is safe for the author and the least speculative for the publisher.

EDWD. EGGLESTON.

OWL'S NEST, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., 4 Feb., 1884.

Reviews

Dr. Schliemann's "Troja."*

EVERYTHING that tends to throw light on the epics of Homer is of interest. Though 'Troja' is only a continuation of and improvement on the same author's 'Ilios,' which was in its turn an advance on 'Troy and its Remains,' and though the reader is referred so often to 'Ilios' that it is necessary to have that volume to follow the arguments, there are novelties enough here to warrant the new work. Like that volume it has maps and a copious index.

The contribution of Prof. Mahaffy to 'Ilios' roused a polemic which is far from settled. The *Edinburgh Review* printed a notice of the book assailing Dr. Schliemann's claims as to the Homeric Troy and especially attacking Prof. Mahaffy's paper.

*Troja: Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, Made in the Year 1882, and Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. Preface by Prof. A. H. Sayce. New York: Harper & Bros.

The writer was evidently a Hellenist, and it soon appeared that he was Prof. Jebb of Oxford, who is the editor of *The Hellenic Journal*. That journal continued the attack, and the columns of *The Athenæum* and *The Academy* have bristled with Greek texts cited or denied or charged to have been falsely or stupidly translated, either by the Jebb party or the Mahaffy-Sayce party. Dr. Schliemann has therefore strengthened his side with contributions from a number of savants. Prof. Mahaffy joins issues with Prof. Jebb. Prof. Sayce eulogizes Dr. Schliemann, and tells us how well-read, instructed and indefatigable he is, as Grecian, archæologist and excavator. Prof. Rudolf Virchow of Vienna makes a report on the bones collected from the Hissarlik strata, and adds a personal letter to Dr. Schliemann in which he denies to a single one of the lower six strata any admixture of Greek civilization. He holds them to be purely Asiatic. Then Dr. Karl Blind supplies a certain number of arguments to the thesis that Prof. Sayce notices and supports in the preface; namely, that the founders of Troy were Thracians from across the Hellespont. But Dr. Blind is also for allying these Trojans with the Germans. He writes to Dr. Schliemann: 'I believe it to be a thesis admitting of the clearest proof, that the Trojans or Teukrians were of Thracian race; that the Thracians were of the Getic, Gothic or Germanic stock; hence, that the Trojans were originally a Teutonic tribe. Like other Thracians, the Trojans in course of time became partly Hellenized; therefore of mixed culture—probably also of mixed speech.' This opinion does not accord well with that of Prof. Virchow that the lowest six layers at Hissarlik show no Greek influence at all. It will also set people thinking of the wonderful effect which has been made on posterity by the Trojans, the 'under dogs' in that great fight which we were only lately told to consider a pure myth. Various nations on the Mediterranean claimed Troy as their mother. The Romans crystalized their belief in a Trojan origin into an epic only second to Homer's. The Britons of Wales traced their line to a fugitive from Troy, and Hollanders have not scrupled to urge a like ancestry. Now, in a roundabout way, and by the use of a great potter about brachycephalic and dolichocephalic skulls, pottery fragments, and fragments from old Greek historians, a German is trying to connect the Trojans by means of a series of cousinships with the good people of the Fatherland. To point this out is by no means to ridicule Dr. Blind's theory; it is merely noted as a singular and amusing fact, showing the enormous influence that Homer's epics have had on the world. What is amusing in a satirical spirit is the glibness with which Prof. Sayce, in his earnest arguments of the preface, cites Herodotus, when he is bringing out a new translation of Herodotus with notes, proving that all that used to be said about Herodotus as the Father of Lies rather than the Father of History is hardly strong enough. In one book he destroys one's belief in Herodotus; in the other he cites him as his authority for important steps in a generalization.

In addition to the curious and prickly question of the Thracio-Teutonic origin of the first settlers at Troy some new light is thrown on a certain decorative, symbolical ornament found in all sorts of places and with nations as apparently unconnectable as the Trojans and the peoples of Yucatan. This is the Swastika, or sacred cross, now thought to be a bird flying, now a 'sunwheel,' now a pair of firesticks laid crosswise, now the fish, now the twins of the zodiac. Or it is a mere chance decorative mark, found on the borders of kings' robes, or on Chinese ceramics. Or it means the four winds, the four points of the compass. Or it refers to the great generative acts of nature, being a combination of the Yin and Yang of China. That this conception of it is sometimes the right one appears from the excavations of Dr. Schliemann, for he has found pottery simulating the human form on which this mark has unmistakable reference to the generative function. Still another point, but one that in his account is not clearly enough separated from the conflagration of the second city, is the discovery of a practice of building city walls of unbaked brick and then baking them on the spot in a mass by surrounding them with piles of wood. Dr. Schliemann shows how openings were left at regular intervals so that the heat might penetrate better. This discovery explains the curious vitrified forts of Scotland and the masses of vitrified brick found on the top of the hill near Babylon to which tradition has affixed the name of Nimrod. Perhaps the reader of the *Iliad* will, however, enjoy more Dr. Schliemann's trip through the Troad than the often technical and dry account of his later excavations. The ascent of Mount Ida and the view described therefrom will be especially prized. It is written with the enthusiasm which fired Dr. Schliemann during his long struggle with Turkish obstructionism on the spot and the critics at home. Not that he has failed to profit by his critics. His assumptions

are now far more reasonable. The mapping of the superincumbent towns has been done by two able architects, who have caused Dr. Schliemann to change his views materially about the configuration, and relative place in the series, of the Homeric Troy.

But whatever mistakes he may have made, whatever may have been the claims that are now disallowed, nobody can take from Dr. Schliemann the credit of having placed the study of the *Iliad* on a new basis. Whoever reads the *Iliad* now without reference to 'Ilios' and 'Troja' does so at his peril.

"The Wild Tribes of the Soudan."*

TRAVELS IN AFRICA having to do with big game only are not held in great esteem any more. Indeed, there was a strong reaction some years ago against the needless destruction of animal life in Africa and India by English sportsmen, followed latterly by complaints of the extinction of the buffalo and other large animals of the West by the same restless and indefatigable hunters. This volume is not even wonderful of its kind, for of two things one is evident: either Mr. James was not as lucky in slaughtering lions, buffaloes, elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes and deer, with melodramatic effects, as some of his predecessors, or he confines himself more strictly to facts than they did. And yet he is not chary of hair-breadth escapes. Such value as the book can boast arises from recent events. The Soudan just now is the most talked-of place in the world, owing to the overthrow of the army of Hicks Pasha by the Mahdi. Nothing bearing directly on the Mahdi will be found here, but at least a portion of the Soudan is described, some of its inhabitants photographed and more or less studied, and certain important spots, like Massowah, Souakim, and Sanheit, pictured. The Abyssinians, who are likely to prove at any moment a factor unaccounted for in the affairs of the Soudan, were seen but once. But that once cost the life of one of the best of the native servants; and a valuable horse and several fine guns were forcibly carried off from the party. Mr. James was with a number of friends and relatives, Nimrods all, and his account is much more a sequel to Sir Samuel Baker's narrative of travel and sport in the same region than a novel tale. Interesting facts, however, are by no means wanting,—such as the account of a visit to Abyssinian monks on a mountain almost inaccessible, the points of resemblance between some of the Soudan people and the ancient Egyptians painted on the walls of the graves in the Nile Valley, the survival in the Soudan of the old Egyptian fashion of marriage between brother and sister among chiefs, curious tribal laws by which a debtor gradually becomes a slave and entails on all his female relatives a life of prostitution, the mysterious disease of camels called *guffer* which permits of any amount of laziness on the part of camel-drivers, and other curios in the way of African customs, beliefs, persons and beasts. The much-talked-of Souakim, so Mr. James informs us, gets its name from seven virgins who inhabited the island near the mainland on which it is built. The virgins maintained that *ginns* or fairies became their husbands, and hence their descendants called the island Sowagin, or 'Together with the fairy.' If the party made great havoc among the wild beasts, it distributed more than its fair share of trinkets among the natives, and furthermore gave them free food and magic-lantern entertainments.

'We always commenced the show by displaying portraits of the Queen and Prince of Wales: these were both very popular, and invariably re-demanded. We had been careful before leaving England to choose subjects for the slides that we thought would interest them; and their exhibition was always successful. The most popular consisted of a series of animals found in Africa, such as the hippopotamus, elephant, etc.; and when we displayed a representation of a man escaping up a tree from a crocodile, with the beast opening and shutting its mouth and trying to seize him, they fairly shrieked with laughter.'

They visited a very well-managed Romanist school kept by monks and nuns where boys and girls are educated. The boys find it hard on graduation to obtain places or work of any kind owing to Mussulman prejudice, but the girls are worse off, because nobody will marry or employ them. Their only prospects are starvation or infamous lives. Coming home the party fell in with two agents of the Freedman's Aid Society of New York, who were returning from a wide tour southward above the Blue and White Niles. Their object was to find fitting places for the colonization of American blacks.

*The Wild Tribes of the Soudan. An Account of Travel and Sport, Chiefly in the Basé Country. By F. L. James. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Nights with Uncle Remus."*

NOT to have visited Uncle Remus and his cabin, with its even-ing fire and its firelight arabesques playing over the cobwebbed rafters,—not to know some of the tales told by that inimitable story-teller,—not to have at least a speaking acquaintance with Brother Rabbit and his neighbors, strikes us in the light of a misfortune, if it be not a wilful neglect of one's opportunities for enjoyment. Should the reader of this book be so exacting as not to be satisfied with being heartily amused and with having the 'soopleness' of his wit in constant exercise to keep up with the 'kyar'n's on' of the creatures,—then let him bethink himself that he is employing his time to advantage in the study of folk-lore; since, as the author has taken pains to show in the Introduction, most of the tales comprised in this laughable animal Iliad look to Africa and antiquity for their Homer. 'There may even be a sun-myth or two among them, to reward a learned reader. For ourselves, we do not need the philological relish: our zest for the dashing exploits and cunning stratagems of Brother Rabbit is scarcely less than that manifested by the little boy, whose eager partiality Uncle Remus was sometimes obliged to meet with. 'Now, den, you don't wanten push ole Brer Rabbit too close.' What could be more delightfully amusing than the way in which the long-eared hero induced Brother Wolf to say grace?—than his device for securing the provisions?—than his exposure of Brother Wolf at the convention of horned cattle?—or than his pretence of decoying wild turkeys for the benefit of Mr. Wildcat? When at the conclusion of the last-named tale, the little boy asks how Brother Rabbit could 'yelp' like a turkey-hen, and when Uncle Remus takes a reed from the mantel-shelf, and blowing upon it, produces an imitation of the note, we too feel reassured as to the historical verisimilitude of the incident narrated. After a protracted reading of these animated dramas, one need not be surprised if the actors haunt his fancy much in the same way as they mixed themselves up in Uncle Remus's meditations: 'It seem lak dat ole Brer Rabbit, he'll stick he head in de crack er de do' en see my eye periently shot, en den he'll beckon back at de yuther creeters, en den dey'll all come slippin' in on der tiptoes, en dey'll set dar en run over de ole times wid one er ne'er, en crack der jokes same ez dey useter.' For shrewd wit and sententious expression Uncle Remus can scarcely be excelled, and we wonder that it has not occurred to some one to make a collection of his sayings,—a collection which might be largely augmented by selections from the present work. Another pleasing element we find. 'Why, that's poetry,' cries the delighted small partner, when his venerable friend chances upon a rhyme. We, too, judge Uncle Remus to be poetic in very many passages; for example, in his curious reflections upon the nature of the Willio-Whistlers.

We are advised, in the Introduction to these stories, that the writer's relations to them are only such as an 'editor and compiler' may claim, and that he is 'responsible only for the setting.' Such editing and compiling appear to us marvellously like the work of originality and genius; and when we consider the setting, we can say for that, if there be anything more engaging than the stories themselves, it is to be found in the intervals filled up with description and dialogue. Daddy Jack, Aunt Tempy and Tildy are all very actual figures in our perspective, while it would not be easy to define the peculiar satisfaction we have in Uncle Remus himself, so 'delightfully human in his hypocrisy,' so accomplished in the feints and subterfuges of the story-teller's art. The embarrassed *raconteur* will do well to remember by what argument Uncle Remus extricated himself from a difficult situation: 'Now, den, is I'm de tale, er is de tale me?'

The illustrations by Messrs. Church and Beard are in every respect charming, being as humorous, fanciful and spirited as the text which they were designed to embellish.

"Beatriz Randolph."†

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in his latest novel, 'Beatriz Randolph,' restricts himself to ordinary human nature and the present generation in the selection of his characters; the preposterous element, without which, probably, no Hawthorne could write a story or a book, being supplied by the plot, according to which a New York impresario, disappointed by a cablegram in losing the services of a famous European singer, supplies her place by a young girl from a village in central New York, who has, it is true, a very fine voice, but who has never been on the stage, or even sung in a concert room. Her stage presence, and

her acting, however, prove all that could be desired, even on the opening night, and the public never discover that she is not the Great Marana, whose name, as well as whose place, she had taken. Having assumed the situation, Mr. Hawthorne treats it with much cleverness, improving the opportunity to give a clever hit at current criticism; one of the critics of a leading journal having discovered, on first seeing the (false) Marana, that it was 'easy for the initiated to discern, in the grace, effectiveness, and precision of her gestures and carriage, the results of that long training upon the stage, and command of its resources, which alone can make the poetry of movement a second nature.' The story is interesting, though not a pleasant one. It deals largely with people who, to say the least, are disagreeable, even the heroine having very mixed moral convictions; while the problem of an innocent, though not lofty, soul voluntarily basing success upon a falsehood and being suspended in a moral snare from which the reader can foresee no possible escape, is not alluring. But the book abounds in graceful, thoughtful and wise paragraphs; and a striking characteristic of the work is, that while dealing almost wholly with people who have false conceptions of life, and love, and duty, the impression made upon the reader is one to elevate the dignity, the sweetness and the responsibility of life and its opportunities. Mr. Hawthorne's work is always interesting; not always interesting in itself, but as giving greater promise, in each successive novel, that each ebullition of his 'fiery and untamed' genius is leaving a clearer and finer residue of moral conviction, of deep and tender thought, and of sympathetic insight; while he is turning his really fine imagination to finer uses in letting it color with meaning the possibilities of actual life and human nature, than in bidding it invent impossible conditions, unreal circumstances, and elfish souls. In other words, each successive novel proves more certainly that the author has the literary instinct which impels one to write aside from the question of fame or money; and although it is curious to see the genius of the elder Hawthorne,—crystalline, pure, flawless from the beginning, so that it never suggested in its earliest efforts the possibility of improvement,—succeeded by the lawless talent that at first suggested little but that it might be capable of improvement, it is a pleasure to see the latter yielding, consciously or unconsciously, to the training which is making it all of which it contained the possibility.

New York Justice.

THE only clear thing in the recent libel suit of Feuarent against Cesnola was the purpose of judge and jury to compromise. If any one had jumped to the conclusion that it was Feuarent who was a common adventurer, the trial established that he was a highly educated, highly trained, responsible expert of the kind sadly needed here, and personally a gentleman. But there was need to protect a number of citizens who were presumed to be gentlemen because they are rich, and presumed to be connoisseurs because they buy pictures and pottery. To do this, judge and jury flew to the ordinary American specific,—compromise. The jury found for the honorable persons who were caught in the position of unwilling champions of an unsavory reputation, but complimented Feuarent personally and professionally. This journal, being neither foe to Cesnola nor friend to Feuarent, cares in the concrete nothing about them, but in the abstract deplores, as every right-minded man in New York must, such a conspicuous failure of justice. The least that could have been done to save the honor of the community was to find for Feuarent and award him merely nominal damages. Who that is not connected in a social way, or by some influential tie, with some one responsible for the degradation of the Metropolitan Museum, doubts that the present Director is a person unfit for the place on a number of counts, any one of which ought to be enough to disqualify him? Those of his supporters who have been most boisterous in defending him as an enlightened and conscientious expert will gain nothing personally by their course, while the Museum has received a blow which their infatuation has now rendered incurable.

Indeed, who is there among those whose opinion is of any weight who can honestly forward the interests of the Metropolitan? It is a mistake,—a vulgar mistake, peculiarly rife in New York,—to think that rich men are the patrons of such an establishment. The people pay for everything, sooner or later. And it is an error to suppose that wealthy donors alone should be conciliated. Suppose each Trustee and a certain circle of friends turn all their art-treasures into the Museum. Will that make it what, under good and upright management, it bade fair to be? It must have the confidence of the community, so that a

* Nights with Uncle Remus. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† Beatriz Randolph. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood.

lawyer, advising a client as to the items of his will, naturally suggests the Museum as the legatee of money or works of art; so that the friend of a person who owns a valuable ancient or modern picture will urge him to send it there; so that corporations or legislative bodies, having to dispose of objects of art, will turn them over to the Museum. It is hardly necessary to point out the intricate channels by which such a museum, when it has the firm confidence of the community, becomes enriched; nor the reverse of the picture,—how disbelief in the uprightness of its management stunts its growth. It is safe to say that at the present moment the mere fact that a work of art is exposed at the Metropolitan Museum biases people against its value and authenticity, so profoundly has public confidence been shaken by the facts developed in this trial.

It is an easy solution of the problem, Why everything in New York is botched, to say that it is a commercial city, and has the morals of traders. Nothing can be historically falsier than to charge mercantile, commercial communities with bad faith. It is the old aristocratic cant we imbibe with other pernicious doctrines through English books. On the contrary, it is easy to show that trade has developed and solidified upright dealings. How comes it, then, that nothing can be done in New York without a vulgar plunderer or set of plunderers making capital out of it? Why should Central Park be full of execrable bronzes, and Wall Street made uglier by an unsightly Washington? Why does the Albany Capitol cost the ransom of an Empire, and the Brooklyn Bridge nearly double what it should? Why is every civic procession a fiasco and every banquet an extravagance? Why is the Lenox Library inaccessible, and the Historical Society cooped in a building unworthy of its membership and possessions? It is not because New York is a mercantile community, but because it is a misgoverned community. The dryrot of her politics pervades New York. It makes of society a herd of girls, boys, and disappointed women used occasionally by men as a means to a selfish end. It makes honorable men descend to contemptible measures. It allows place-holders in our libraries, societies, museums, to do as little work as possible and pull wires to keep their positions. It stunts the taste for art and encourages the building of showy houses and the formation of showy galleries. All these things it does in addition to its demoralizing effects in its own sphere,—its violations of the right of each individual to his possessions, its cynical contempt for the wish of the respectable part of the community, its corruption of justice by the vulgar means, its protection of unsound corporations and fostering of tax-eaters. We do not say that if the Augean Stable of New York politics were cleansed, the Millennium would come. But we do hold that our political system is like the toad at the root of the flourishing tree eating out its life. The Metropolitan is the branch that dies mysteriously. Kill the toad, and you may still save the branch.

Wendell Phillips.

IT IS, PROBABLY, quite safe to say that the most unpopular man in Boston died there on Saturday—the most unpopular man from his early manhood to the day of his death that ever lived there. It is also quite safe to say that few men have ever lived and died there who will be longer remembered, or who, as time will show, have attained to so great eminence, if posthumous fame be the test of eminence. How rich a memory he is already, and how quick, now that he is dead, his own time is to forget all that was hated or feared in the living man, the daily press of the whole North and West come forward as swiftest witnesses to testify. It is fifty-two years since Wendell Phillips graduated at Harvard College; it was not till two or three years ago that Harvard, or rather only a society of Harvard, could recognize the existence of one of the most brilliant scholars of her training for the half-century,—one who for nearly all that time was acknowledged (whatever else might be said of him) as the greatest orator of the century among people who speak the English tongue. And when at last he was asked to give the annual Phi Beta Kappa oration, there sat among his hearers at least one Professor, and he the best known among them all, who never before, he said, had heard the speaker whose audience had been so long the world. As there was one we know, so, no doubt, this was equally true of nine out of ten of the College Faculty, of eight-tenths of the Phi Beta members. And so, to-day, when Boston pauses to whisper in a tone of sadness and with a feeling akin to awe, that Phillips is dead, unquestionably thousands of her—in a worldly sense—best people will wonder how it happened that they have never listened to the man so famous for his matchless eloquence.

All this is explicable, though there is no room in these columns

to explain what, at first flush, seems paradoxical and phenomenal. The reason is, in a word, that death pushes aside prejudice and silences judgment, and the man is felt, rather than understood, to be great. The understanding waits upon the feeling. It is recognized at last that he who had birth, culture, genius, fortune, the rarest graces of mind, of manners, and of presence, had also the courage to use all these gifts, not for himself, but for noble purposes, or what he believed to be noble purposes. His life, from early youth to old age, was a sublime self-sacrifice to an ideal. In all that half century and more of his career, he never, for one moment, thought of himself, and never forgot what he believed to be his duty to others. Nor was it duty merely to his neighbors and his friends—that which comes to common men as well as to those of larger gifts; but a duty to men in masses, to whom he would leave a world the better for them to all time because he had lived in it and moved it. It would have been the better for his trying even had he not succeeded. But success in the greater aims of life is seen to sit upon his dead brow as a crown.

The Watercolor Exhibition.

THE regular exhibitions of the Academy of Design have been for years going from bad to worse, while the exhibitions of the Watercolor Society have been as steadily, though not so rapidly, improving. We have never had, and we have not now, many artists capable of producing in the more difficult medium a picture that shall be expressive of any but coarse and commonplace ideas or feelings. So much is this the case that at the regular exhibitions it is not the bad painting,—though there is plenty of it,—that most disgusts the visitor, but the bad taste and the universal dearth of interest in the subjects and in the manner of handling them. But when our painters and amateurs use the easier material in which they know that less will be expected of them, it is wonderful how refined, how spirited, some of them become, and what lucky hits they make. Mr. Muhrmann, for instance, whose oil-paintings are only so-so, may be styled a master in watercolors; Mr. Lafarge does much better work in watercolors than in oil; and even those who, like Mr. Coleman and Mr. Smillie, belabor their few inches of paper too much, reach better effects on it than they do on canvas.

This year the committees in charge have had the good sense to cut down the number of works to be admitted by giving to etchings two rooms instead of one. The result is that the number of really bad drawings is uncommonly small. A visitor not predisposed to faultfinding may easily ignore them. Some former exhibitions have contained a greater number of pretentious works not without merit; but the true lover of painting will hardly regret these, as at all times the pictures which he would point out as the best have been modest and inconspicuous. The best piece of work in the present show—a small landscape by Mr. Homer Martin—will hardly be more than glanced at by the majority of those who go to see it; but that does not make it any the less valuable. The reader may take our word for it that it is worth more than any three pictures of larger size now on the Academy walls.

It must not be supposed that silliness and affectation are entirely absent. There is Mr. Church's inane production,—a pink girl, wrapped in pink tissuepaper, kneeling on a box full of shrimps which are struggling out, and by a process of curtailment becoming transformed into imps. If this is the sort of vision Mr. Church now sees of nights, he should take better care of his health. But in general the show is quite a satisfactory one. The corridor is blooming with flowers, most of them very well done, and the other galleries are full of pleasant bits of nature,—studies of heads and the like.

The etchings, we have said, are more numerous than ever before. They are also better. Mr. Platt, Mr. Pennell, the Morans (also well represented in the watercolors), Mr. Coleman and others of our best etchers have very clever and well-considered work to show. But none of it is so good as some of the few foreign works exhibited. Bracquemond's study of an old Cochinchina rooster looks as though, from its lofty perch, it might crow over the whole lot.

A word should be said for the dressing of the staircase and the doors with Chinese and Japanese hangings and bric-à-brac. It is very neat and effective.

THE Leonard Scott Publishing Co. have just re-issued the January number of *The Fortnightly Review*, containing the now notorious article, 'A Visit to Philistia.' It is labelled 'Authorized Edition,' and is in the new and attractive form in which the English reviews re-issued by this house will hereafter appear.

To the Hesitating Purchaser.

[R. L. Stevenson's Preface to 'Treasure Island.']

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
 Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
 If schooners, islands, and maroons,
 And Buccaneers and buried Gold,
 And all the old romance, retold
 Exactly in the ancient way,
 Can please, as me they pleased of old,
 The wiser youngsters of to-day :
 —So be it, and fall on ! If not,
 If studious youth no longer crave,
 His ancient appetites forgot,
 Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
 Or Cooper of the wood and wave :
 So be it, also ! And may I
 And all my pirates share the grave
 Where these and their creations lie !

International Copyright.

IN ANSWER to a communication urging the Department of State to complete an International Treaty with Great Britain, securing to the authors of each country the full recognition of property rights in each country, Secretary Frelinghuysen has written the following letter :

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
 WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1884.

* G. P. LATHROP, Esq., Secretary American Copyright League,
 No 80 Washington Square, New York.

SIR : I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, wherewith you transmit a printed communication, addressed to me by the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League, in reference to the proposed International Copyright Convention with Great Britain.

In answer to your request to be informed (if proper) "whether the negotiations for this treaty are likely soon to be renewed, or for some form of copyright treaty," I may observe that the pending negotiation has not been interrupted, but that the diverse views of the authors and publishers of this country which were elicited in response to the confidential inquiries addressed to them by this department on March 18, 1882, are still under consideration.

The difficulty in the way of negotiating a formal copyright treaty with any foreign country is that the copyright laws of the two countries are usually so different that a detailed reciprocal code cannot be agreed on. Such a codified treaty necessarily puts the foreign author on a different footing from the home author, more privileged in some things it may be, and less so in others. And this difficulty is enhanced when—to quote the language of the Executive Committee's letter—such detailed stipulations "put limitations as to time of publication and impose conditions as to manufacture that belong to regulations of trade and tariff, and not to authorship."

I am satisfied that a simpler solution of the question could be effected by some means which will give in each country to the foreign author the same right as a native author enjoys. The domestic copyright law does not attempt to legislate upon the relations between an author and his publisher, and it is not easy to see why an international compact should legislate upon a point which in each country is left to the course of trade. I think the foreigner owning a copyright should have here the same privilege as our own citizens, provided our citizens have in the foreigner's country the same rights as the natives thereof; and thereupon I would leave to the mutual convenience of the holder of the copyright and the publisher the adjustment of their contract, and leave to the tariff the task of protecting the paper-makers, type-founders, printers, and other artisans who join in producing the book as a marketable article.

This might be attained by a simple amendment to our present copyright law, admitting foreigners to the privilege of copyright when the privilege is made reciprocal by treaty or law; after which a simple convention, like a trade-marks treaty, would suffice to put the amendment in force. I am sure some such plan as this would suffice to meet the views expressed by the well-known authors who comprise your association, through its executive committee. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

MR. JOHN FISKE'S 'Excursions of an Evolutionist' will be re-issued in London immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

The Lounger

HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 12th will contain a double-page engraving from a drawing by Mr. Edwin Abbey illustrating a poem by J. G. Whittier on 'The Expulsion of the Friends from Massachusetts in 1660.' The drawing was sent to Mr. Whittier as a sort of bait, and he 'took hold' at once. The story told by Mr. Abbey's pencil seemed to inspire his pen, and he sent the poem—which is said to be one of unusual strength and vigor—within a few days. This suggests an excellent plan for getting contributions from eminent poets. The only drawback to its repeated execution is the comparative dearth of Abbeys—to say nothing of the lack of Whittiers.

SOME TIME SINCE, I received from a young friend of mine (also *musis amicus*) a letter in which occurred a simile of wonderful pertinence and fidelity to fact. The simile was this: 'Poetry pours forth from my soul as the lava does from the volcano.' Considering the scoriaceous products of his poetic convulsion, I was forced to admit the justice and beauty of the characterization, as applied both to his own work and to that of many a violent fellow-aspirant. I was tempted to suggest to my young friend that the mountain of poetic vision is not a volcano; but how could I make that plain to an undergraduate of the Satanic School?

THE QUESTION of 'percentage' vs. 'cash down' is one that cannot be answered in a word. While I believe a percentage to be the best as a rule, there are certain books which often take the greatest time and pains in the writing,—books of research, for the use of students chiefly, which may never, in the nature of things, reach a sale of more than a thousand copies. For such books the author should be paid a good lump sum—and he generally is. Publishers appreciate this fact, and I find that, after all, there is a pretty even distribution of the spoils.

PROF. BRYCE, M.P., who came over here as one of the Villard excursionists, has returned to England after an extended tour of investigation of 'the States.' I have not heard that he intends putting his observations into a book, but he has already utilized them in his speeches. Prof. Bryce is an acute observer, and we may be sure of being intelligently represented by him in his addresses or in his book, if he should conclude to write one,—and I don't know why he should not. Few Englishmen are better equipped for the purpose. It would be quite a treat to find ourselves fairly discussed by an English writer.

IT IS GRATIFYING to note that the interests of literature are jealously guarded by the West. Perhaps the East has, of late, been nodding, and has allowed profaners and triflers to slip into certain of the shrines under its immediate supervision. If this be the case, it is high time the East should be roused to a sense of its responsibilities. Yet so poignant is the subjoined accusation (taken from an Indiana newspaper), and so apprehensive am I of the shock it might produce upon one who 'unthinkingly' read it, that a word by way of preparing the mind seems almost necessary:

'It should not be a cause of distress to Western writers who have knocked at the doors of Eastern magazines and have been refused admission. When one unthinkingly reads the hollow-eyed poetry of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and the meaningless pigeon-toed rhymes of *The Century*, it is then that one feels the irremediable necessity of being a mind-reader, so that he may be able to avoid contact with such abominations which always have a tendency to distort his estimation of the possibilities of his race.'

MISS McLEAN's new novel, 'Some Other Folks,' is very highly praised in a little pink circular prepared for distribution among travellers on railroad trains. In her new book, it is declared, Miss McLean 'sees further and clearer than she saw in her earlier books' (in 'Cape Cod Folks,' for instance). 'She has stepped, as it were, out of the limits of her former thought and action into the centre of the world's full, rich life. From the particular she has passed to the universal in human experience.' And yet, we are told, 'her literary ability has in no way suffered by this psychological development; a larger philosophy has not confused her ideas, nor rendered her speech bewildering. Philosophy has not destroyed art; it has only made art richer and more complete.' How much superior is such an advertisement as this to that in which, not long ago, a Philadelphia firm, dropping into slang in a friendly sort of way, naively pronounced Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' 'a daisy—and don't you forget it!'

MR. BOYSEN'S 'Alpine Roses' is in many respects the best play the Madison Square Theatre has given us. It is not, however, a play without faults. The most of these are to be found in the first act, and if I am any judge of Mr. Boyesen's literary style, they are not his. Mr. Boyesen is not a writer of melodramatic bathos. He would never put such language into the mouth of his hero as Mr. George Clarke bellows at Ilka from the hill-top. The 'bursting veins' from which Mr. Clarke suffers are Mr. Belasco's, not Mr. Boyesen's. By the way, what an effect mountain air has upon Mr. Clarke's hair. In the third act, which passes in Berlin, his locks are cropped close to his head in military fashion. In the fourth act, which takes place in the Tyrol, they hang in long curls over his shoulders, and yet but a few days have elapsed.

THE BEST ACTING in 'The Alpine Roses' is that of Mr. Richard Mansfield. It is worthy of the Théâtre Français. There is still somewhat of Baron Chevalier in Mr. Mansfield's manner. I would not mention this if mannerisms were not so tiresome in the long run. At first we are inclined to forgive them; but Mr. Whiffen is an instance of what this forgiveness does. Mr. Mansfield is too young and too clever not to drop all these little tricks, when once they are called to his attention. A point in his favor is the way in which he speaks the English language. When I think of Miss Cayvan's and Miss Burroughs' pronounciation of the letter R, I shudder at the memory.

The Nassau Literary Magazine, published by the Senior Class of Princeton College, is apparently edited at long range. The address of the gentleman whose name stands first on its editorial staff is—India. If the journal should ever be behindhand in matters of news, or should betray an oriental bias in considering Western literature, its attitude would be sufficiently explained by this fact.

England in America.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

A FEW weeks ago the City of New York celebrated the centenary of its evacuation by the British troops after the close of the revolutionary war. There was a procession of the practical sort which finds favor in the eyes of Americans; there were regiments of the State National Guard, and crack corps invited from other States; there were detachments of the veterans of the war of the Rebellion, bearing the torn and tattered battle-flags, almost shot from their standards in four years' hard fighting; there were carriages containing the few survivors of the war of 1812 with Great Britain; there were other carriages containing the President of the United States, the Governors of New York and of a few other States, and the mayor and other officials of the City of New York; there were detachments of police and firemen; and there were a few hundred men from the tiny regular army which the Government of the United States deems adequate for its needs. In the evening there was a banquet, and there were speeches. Perhaps the most noteworthy circumstance of the whole affair was the friendly tone toward England. Nowhere in the speeches, in the newspapers, or in the talk of the crowd, was there any evidence of the slightest hostile feeling—always excepting, of course, the utterances of the wholly un-American and un-representative section of the public which thinks of Ireland first and of the United States last. There were many positive signs of a friendly feeling. With doubtful taste one wandering Briton hung a British flag from a window of the hotel in which he was staying, and although the procession passed under it there was no protestation of any kind. It is not too much to say that there is now no trace at all of the ill-will toward England which naturally lingered after the revolution, and which was fanned to a flame before the war of 1812. This ill-will was perceptible easily enough down to the outbreak in 1861, although it was slowly fading away. During the Civil War there was not a little anger against Great Britain among both parties; but the Civil War, overshadowing all other questions, wholly killed the early ill-will, and the anger died out soon for lack of fuel. It is perhaps scarcely accurate to describe the present feeling as cordial, and the sentimental declarations after dinner that the two countries are brothers, and that 'blood is thicker than water,' are perhaps not quite sincere on either side. The attitude of the really representative American is that taken by Mr. Lowell in his delightful speech at the dinner given to Mr. Henry Irving on the Fourth of July last year. This attitude may perhaps be described as a dignified and sincere friendliness, as far removed from hysterical sentimentality on one side as it is from enmity on the other. So distinctly is this the position of

the best Americans, that the well-informed American critic is always inclined to ascribe the authorship of a violent invective against England in an American journal to some renegade Englishman; and the ascription is rarely inaccurate.

There is to be seen just now in America, in what is known as Society, a strong tendency to imitate English ways and customs and fashions. This tendency is gaining strength, and spreading from New York and Boston to smaller inland cities. It is a new thing in many ways, for until lately New York has taken its cue rather from Paris than from London. During the Second Empire many good Americans made pilgrimages to the Tuileries as to a Mecca, and some settled permanently near the shrine. But Paris is no longer more fashionable than London. The American girl continues to get her gowns in the French capital, of course; but she is glad to get her habit and her ulster and her cloaks in the English capital. As there is now no Court in France, she looks forward to a presentation at Court in England; and the possibility of marrying a title is perhaps present to her mind as she crosses the ocean. That she is quite capable of taking care of herself in the presence of English noblemen and of their female relatives all readers of Mr. James's 'International Episode' and of Mr. Howells's 'Woman's Reason' will bear witness. In fact, the American girl is in no danger of losing her head before parting with her hand. It is her consort, the American young man, who is most likely to be contaminated by contact with the Englishman. There is no denying that a certain set of young Americans, more particularly in New York and in Boston, affect the Englishman and ape all his affectations. They mimic every English trick in the most snobbish way. They attempt an English accent, and they sprinkle Britishisms freely through their speech. They talk of their 'fads,' and they call people 'cads,' and they abound in the most amusing little affectations. Their greatest happiness is to be taken for an Englishman—a joy not often vouchsafed to them. It was to one of these pitiful imitations—a young Bostonian—that a clever New York girl said, 'Mr. Blank, I should think you would be so glad to meet Lord So-and-so; you know he is a *real* Englishman!'

This Anglomania has resulted in the introduction into certain American cities of not a few British customs. Rich men drive heavy carriages imported from England, ignoring, or ignorant of, the fact that the use of the native American woods, tough and springy, allows American carriages to be much lighter while quite as strong. Rich young men play polo in the broiling heat of an American summer. Attempts are made at fox-hunting. Unfortunately the foxes are few, so that a drag has frequently to be employed. So marked a feature of New York society has the forced imitation of English customs become, that a light and lively little weekly called *Life*, now about a year old, has best made itself known by constant attacks on this. And the chief cartoon of another American comic weekly, published on Evacuation Day, was a picture of all the importations from England, both men and things, now to be seen in the streets of New York, with a sarcastic query as to the exact date of the English evacuation. The variety of Anglomania which most excited the joy of the comic journalist was the Dude. There are those who pretend to see a resemblance between the Dude and the Masher. But these are not profound observers. The Masher, we venture to think, although chronically tired, is, on occasion, boisterous. The Dude is never noisy; he is a living protest against indecorum; he is the embodiment of the desire to be a perfect gentleman of the strictest English order. In his dress there was to be seen a certain likeness to the Masher. But here, again, the likeness was superficial. The Masher was dressed in the height of fashion always. The Dude, although clothed in imitation of an Englishman, sought always to be as unobtrusive as possible in his attire. Yet his quiet, stiff, British manners often attracted malicious criticism. There is even a story current of a worthy farmer who saw two Dudes in town, and who remarked, with great grief, 'Gosh! what things a man does see when he ain't got his gun!'

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is enlightening the Americans by personal ministrations and a set of three lectures, finds Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace in England, and declared his expectation of finding in America only Philistines. But he reckoned without the American Anglomaniac. The American Anglomaniac, as we have seen, is a Philistine who apes the Barbarian. The genuine British Barbarian Mr. Arnold credits with various good qualities, and he has at least the consciousness of a solid position. The American pseudo-Barbarian has all the faults, and none of the virtues, of the English model, and he cannot but be conscious that his position is false and hollow. He is but a brummagem Barbarian—and a brummagem Barbarian is a sorry sight for gods and men. It is fortunate for the

future of the United States that this class of Anglomaniacs, although beginning to be large enough to be counted, is only an infinitesimal section of the American people. Nothing is plainer to the wayfaring man, though a fool, if he will but keep his eyes open and note the signs of the times, than the growing divergence and independence of the United States from England in literature and in life. The English and the Americans are of one stock, but they are two peoples; and there is nothing to be gained by a pretence that the Americans are colonial or provincial. The colonial spirit has been invisible in the United States for fifty years, and the provincial spirit died during the war of the Rebellion. The conditions of life in the United States, the climate, the blending of customs brought from other lands than England, these unite in making the American unlike the Englishman. What the American is like can best be seen in Mr. Howells's novels, or in the striking anonymous story of 'The Breadwinners.' Mr. James has dealt admirably with the Europeanized American; but he is himself too Europeanized to be altogether satisfactory as a portrayer of the uncontaminated American; in fact, we doubt if Mr. James knows New York, or even Boston, as well as he knows Paris and London. As Colonel Higginson neatly put it, 'Mr. James is not a true cosmopolitan, because a true cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country.' Mr. James is so far abroad in his own country that he cited in a story in *The Century*, not long ago, as a typical Americanism, 'in the swim,' a phrase which not one American in ten would be likely to understand.

Sport is one of the things in which American habits are widely different from English. Polo and fox-hunting—or the pursuit of a drag under difficulties—are recent importations, and as such they are the amusement only of the fast and fashionable few, and have no interest whatever for any others. Cricket, in spite of many strenuous efforts, has never been acclimated in the United States; there are a few clubs here and there, mostly managed by Englishmen; but the popular interest is wholly in baseball, and a crack game of baseball easily attracts a gathering of twenty thousand. Racing is rapidly becoming more popular and profitable, but the real liking of the people is for trotting. The owning of fast trotters, for his own private use and behoof, is one of the joys of the American millionaire; and the one crumpled rose-leaf in Mr. Vanderbilt's existence is, that a much poorer man has a faster pair of trotters than he has, and that the much poorer man, with a painful disregard of his duty toward a man worth twenty million pounds, refuses to sell his team. Here occasion serves to say that wealth merely as wealth has less weight in the United States than it has in Great Britain. We know that there is a common belief that wealth is more worshipped and is more powerful in New York than it is in London; but the belief is unfounded. Whether it is that wealth is too common in America, or that most Americans expect to be wealthy some day, or that they can remember when the rich man was a poor man, or whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that the possession of money counts for far less in New York than it does in London. And if we may credit Mr. Archibald Forbes, the same state of affairs obtains in Australia as in America.

Where English influence in America might be supposed to be strongest is in literature. There is no denying that it is strong. But the influence of other countries, and especially of France, is also strong. There are many more translations from the French and the German published annually in the United States than there are in Great Britain. French authors little known in England are widely read in America; and of authors of importance more works have been translated. In New York it is possible, for example, to get a uniform edition in English of all of M. Taine's writings, and of nearly all of Turgenev's. The American Philistine differs from the British Philistine chiefly in that his ignorance is never hostile; he knows not the light, but he is ready to receive it when he sees it. And this willingness to learn is responsible for the many American translations from foreign authors. And this again redeems what there may be of American provinciality, which is broadened by its allegiance, not to one capital, but to many. Accompanying this study of the best foreign work is a growing indifference to foreign opinion. The American is glad when the value of an American work is recognized by an English or a French critic, but he never waits for the foreign approval before declaring his own opinion. Indeed he is wont to wonder at the English liking for certain American authors, and he is wont also to take up certain English authors and to hail them as masters before their position in England is quite as secure. We believe, for example, that Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson have a wider following in America than they have in England, much

liked as they are here. The unfortunate condition of copyright law has driven the better class of American publishers to give up English novels and English books of general literature, and more and more to confine themselves to American books, with a consequent increase in the quantity and quality of the latter. The invasion of England by the American magazines is sufficient proof of their independence, and their success in England is due, we incline to think, to the resolute American tone, and not to any misguided attempt to cater to English taste. At the present day the circulation in England of either *Harper's* or *The Century* is several times as large as the circulation of any English magazine in America.

"Bastard Literature."

[From *The Spectator*.]

A YEAR or two ago, we had to complain of the parodies on Scott's novels which Miss Braddon put forth in the form of compressions and abbreviations,—of a new catastrophe, for instance, which she invented for 'Rob Roy,' under the pretext of shortening the conclusion and making the crisis more dramatic. Now, it would appear that the same passion for doctoring the works of others has taken hold of French men of literature, and of a literary class even more fastidious than that to which Miss Braddon belongs in England. In the *Correspondant*, a Catholic bi-monthly, which, if we remember rightly, was started by M. Montalembert's group, some forty years ago, there appeared in September last a new tale called 'Marguerite,' nominally by M. Pierre du Quesnoy, but really a bastard production, part translated, in a mutilated form, from the English of Miss Peard, part engrafted on that mutilated tale by M. Pierre du Quesnoy. Our readers may some of them remember a beautiful French story, published in 1880, by the author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Un-awares,' 'Cartouche,' etc., and published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, called 'The White Month.' This is the tale which provides the principal foundation of M. Pierre du Quesnoy's 'Marguerite,' so far, at least, as the story and the principal characters are concerned. Indeed, at the opening of the first chapter, M. Pierre du Quesnoy acknowledged that his story of 'Marguerite' was drawn, 'at least in great measure,' from 'The White Month,' of Miss Frances Mary Peard, of which he spoke in terms highly complimentary and discriminating. But he remarked, that in restoring to French literature this characteristically French heroine, 'we have added to her history many incidents which render it more dramatic, better suited to the taste of the French public, always greedy of emotions.' The author of the bastard tale further admits that he felt compelled to preserve to Marguerite's ideal and yet living figure 'all her grace and all her purity.' The following was this gentleman's confession at the opening of his mutilated and renovated story: 'La nouvelle que nous présentons aujourd'hui aux lecteurs du *Correspondant* est tirée, en grande partie du moins, d'un ouvrage anglais plein de charme et de fraîcheur, dû à la plume ingénieuse de Mlle. Frances Mary Peard. Cet auteur, fort estimé en Angleterre, mérite d'autant mieux d'être connu en France, que ses sympathies pour nos compatriotes l'ont engagé à placer dans notre pays la scène de quelques-uns de ses meilleurs romans, "The Rose Garden," "Through Rough Waters," enfin, "The White Month," dont l'héroïne, Marguerite de Kernaëc, ne recevra pas, nous nous plaisons à la croire un accueil moins favorable chez nous que de l'autre côté du détroit. En repatriant cette charmante fille de notre Bretagne, nous avons ajouté à son histoire plusieurs incidents qui la rendent plus dramatique, mieux appropriée au goût du public français, toujours avide d'émotions, mais nous nous sommes efforcé en même temps de conserver à la figure idéale, et pourtant si vivante, de Marguerite toute sa grâce et toute sa pureté. Nos vieilles mœurs, notre foi catholique, produisent encore ces types exquis; nous félicitons Mlle. Peard de les avoir si bien observés, et rendus avec tant de bonheur.' What M. Pierre du Quesnoy has actually done is to omit a great deal, especially the descriptions of Breton scenery; to introduce into 'The White Month' one completely new and melodramatic figure, which is not only melodramatic, but superfluous; and to alter essentially the central figure of the tale, the stepmother of Margaret, whose greed of affection, as one may fairly call it, is so jealous and monopolizing, that in giving her own love she expects to be repaid it in kind to the uttermost farthing, and eats her heart out in self-tormentings, whenever she fancies that the objects of her violent affections prefer any one else to herself. Such is the unscrupulous literary feat which a French journalist of the highest and most religious tone has achieved, in these latter days, in emulation of Miss Braddon, whose audacity, indeed, he has far surpassed, though he has not chosen quite so famous

an author as the subject of his literary *réchauffé*. What are we to say of the morality of such enterprises?

Well, we will say this,—that if such work is legitimate, it would be quite as legitimate to copy slavishly everything in one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits except its motive, and to alter that essentially, partly by changing the expression of the central figure, partly by introducing a new figure disturbing the whole effect of the group; or to reproduce the Laocoön with entirely different figures for the two boys; or to copy line for line and feature for feature everything in one of Mr. Woolner's ideal busts except the mouth, and to alter every line in that. Nay, why should not 'Middlemarch' be rewritten, with some pleasanter figures substituted for Mr. Casaubon and Rosamond Vincy; or 'Vanity Fair,' with an entirely different Rawdon Crawley, and with Becky Sharp softened down into something only amiably mischievous? If this be permissible, what indeed is to prevent any one from publishing a new edition of 'Paradise Lost,' with all the dull passages left out and all the harsh theology recast to meet the sentimental gospel of a new age; or 'Hamlet,' with such large alterations as may unriddle all its riddles, and make the enigma of Hamlet's purposes and nature perfectly plain? The simple truth is, that whatever excuse may be made for those recasts intended solely for the stage, which pretend to no sort of permanence, and only offer a few casual spectators a temporary amusement, there can be no excuse made for deliberate falsifications of original literary efforts such as M. Pierre du Quesnoy has given us in the *Correspondant*, from Miss Peard's tale. If he had merely taken the story, had recast the whole *dramatis personæ* in his own mind, given us different characters, different dialogues, different names, and a different *dénouement*, so that while one could recognize the origin of his conception one could recognize nothing else, there would be the excuse for him that he had only done what some of the greatest poets had done before him. But to keep part, and essentially alter the rest,—that is treason to the very principle of imaginative writing, to the principle on which literature depends for its very existence. If it were legitimate to attempt to rewrite Homer with a different Hector and a different Paris, or to attempt to rewrite Pope's 'Essay on Man' with a totally altered philosophy, or to recast Shelley's 'Queen Mab' in a theistic sense, or to give us a compromise between Mr. Arnold's 'Isleut of Cornwall' and Mr. Swinburne's, or to get Mr. Coventry Patmore to re-edit 'The Ring and the Book' for us, leaving out all the blocks over which one stumbles, and making everything run smoothly, literature would cease to be literature. We should no longer know the productions of one imagination from the productions of another, for the origins of all things would be mixed, and their significance wholly gone. Yet it is to this bastard sort of composition that such enterprises as Miss Braddon's and M. Pierre du Quesnoy's really tend, and we do not think that a censure too severe can be passed upon this blending of all that should be kept separate, this debasing of the coinage of the imagination by passing off other people's compositions as your own, and your own as those of other people. Why should Mr. Tupper not be allowed to translate and recast for us a poem of Victor Hugo's, if M. Pierre du Quesnoy may translate and recast a novelette of Miss Peard's? What a stir would not Goethe have made in appealing to the sense of honor of the republic of letters, if Carlyle had introduced a new character or two into 'Wilhelm Meister,' and essentially altered the character of Wilhelm himself? In the present instance, the sin has been overlooked only because Miss Peard is a modest author, whose reputation, considerable as it is, is confined to a limited class; and because the work which M. Pierre du Quesnoy has stolen and altered is a very slight though a very perfect one. But if such unscrupulous achievements as those of Miss Braddon and M. Pierre du Quesnoy do not rouse the indignation they deserve, the successors of Miss Braddon and M. Pierre du Quesnoy will soon fly at higher game, and destroy all the great landmarks of literature by their appropriation of the labors of others. If used-up sculptors were to seize on the Elgin Marbles, and clobber them with their chisels for the delectation of the modern public, they would only do on a great scale what these adapting *littérateurs* are doing on a small scale.

Current Criticism

MR. GRANT WHITE'S NEW SHAKSPEARE:—It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Grant White's edition of Shakspeare is the work of a skilled and acute scholar, who determines to look at things with his own eyes, and not through a succession of commentators' spectacles. Such work is always interesting, whether we agree or do not agree with the results arrived at. The edition,

while it is the work of a scholar, aims at popular uses. If that incalculable person, 'the general reader,' find that it meets a want, Shakspeare students may be well pleased. . . . Mr. White, following eminent example, took the advice of his washerwoman 'in determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation. We are delighted to hear this; we have always admired the fine culture of the American democracy, but to discover that the bleachers of summer smocks are joint-editors of Shakspeare comes as a surprise. I imagine Mr. White's collaborateur as charming as one of Mr. Abbey's milk-maids; I see the perplexed scholar strolling across the meadow, with proof-sheets in his hand, to where her fairer sheets are swaying in the wind, and there she enlightens him so prettily ('most busy less, when she does it') on 'ullorxa,' and 'esil,' and 'empirickquick,' and 'cride game,' and 'runaway's eyes,' her voice mingling with the voice of the river. Mr. White and the whitster, not of Datchet-mead and Thames side, but of the trans-Atlantic Riverside, find Shakspeare charmingly free from obscurity! In the 'Merry Wives' there is no note on 'buck' or 'buckbasket,' and that is easy to understand; but that 'a 'oman which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer and his wringer' should find so many other things easy which have seemed difficult to Capell, Malone, and Dyce is matter of pleasant congratulation. Many washerwomen have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!—*Edward Dowden in The Academy*.

MR. ARNOLD ON AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS:—They are given over to what Americans call news, which is of a highly sensational character. I was struck with that, but not so much as with the ability and enterprise displayed in the editorial management, and the publication of news which it must be difficult to collect. They pay a great deal of attention to police news. I suppose it is the demand of the population that gives the character to the newspapers. I admire the ability and enterprise of the conductors more than the taste of the public. The newspapers are written for the world of consumers whose taste needs improvement rather than an increase of ability in the management. I find in the newspapers here what we expect to find only in *The Police News* or *Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper*. But still I can admire American newspapers for the great ability and enterprise shown in their management.—*Interview in St. Louis Republican*.

MR. DI CESNOLA'S ANTIQUITIES:—It may be quite possible to acquit Mr. di Cesnola of any personal knowledge of the work of repair to which some of the objects in his collection were subjected before they came into his hands. He was not fastidious about the means employed to acquire possession of the remains of Cypriote art, and he was not scrupulously exact in assigning a locality to the objects which he bought or dug up. If he was a party to what he probably regarded as trivial deception on others, it is no less likely that he was himself deceived. The difficulty in regard to the collection, or about a great deal of the evidence which has been elicited on the trial, is to know where deception ends and truth begins. That fact may commend the Cypriote antiquities in the Museum of Art to the future notice of the curiosity seeker, but it will seriously prejudice any claim they may have had to the respectful consideration of the student of art or archæology.—*The Sun*.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS:—Hasty production will account for some, though not for all, of the blemishes which abound in Mr. Crawford's story ['To Leeward']. What does he mean by 'airy furniture'? How could one man 'wring' another's 'cowardly neck to death'? Is it possible for a woman to 'fire off the shots of her brimming affection'? Why is Leonora's sister-in-law, an Italian married to a French comte, perpetually spoken of as 'Donna Diana'? Why should a spy, exulting in the discovery of a clandestine meeting between the lovers, be compared to 'some dark evil genius of a low order, waiting for Mr. Darwin to evolve him into the advanced condition of complete devildom'?—unless it be that Mr. Darwin's name is ornamental, whether appropriate or not?—*The Saturday Review*.

A NEWPORT AQUARELLE:—We have here a vivid sketch of fashionable life at an American summer resort. The English reader may learn how the Upper Ten of the States amuse themselves, and he may also learn, so far as it can be learned without practice, to distinguish Boston people from New Yorkers. It is interesting to know that the Boston ladies are less *exigeantes* than their New York sisters. They are very numerous, it seems; numbers increase competition, and competition lowers the claim on attention. . . . Into this social picture is introduced a love-story of the usual kind, save that a 'Claimant' figures in it. American writers cannot know what a shudder this personage

produces in English readers. We do not forget the hundred and seventy days (if that is the right number) of that most intolerable trial.—*The Spectator*.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S FECUNDITY :—Mrs. Oliphant is a novelist for whom we have so much respect that we hope she will forgive our saying that she writes too much to be always very readable. She can hardly draw breath between her books, and she seems often to dash into the regulation three volumes, trusting to the fates and good fortune for a sufficiency of satisfactory matter. We admire the facility with which she can spin gossamer web out of slight and flimsy materials; but at the same time we not unfrequently have cause to regret it.—*The Saturday Review*.

MISS LOTTA'S MARCHIONESS :—What is the share of Dickens in this presentation of the Marchioness is not easy to tell. It is, however, wholly uncanny and exasperatingly funny. A test whereby to tell a changeling used to be to break eggs in its presence and employ the shells for cooking purposes, which seldom failed to elicit from the supposed baby a statement to the effect that in a life extending over hundreds of years it had seen no similar *batterie de cuisine*. A creature of this kind appears Miss Lotta, her droll and impish grimaces and her worn voice contrasting strangely with her juvenile figure and her marvellous activity. Her movements are those of a marionette, and her vivacity is that of an elf. Her performance is highly stimulating, however, and establishes a claim to rank as an actress which nothing but a singularly unfortunate opening performance could have brought into dispute.—*The Athenæum*.

ANOTHER BRITISH ONSLAUGHT :—We have a kindness for Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, because of the overhard measure with which certain undoubtedly foolish sayings of his about some *cosas de Inglaterra* were visited in English journals not long ago. If a man (and especially an American smarting under the determination of all Europe to treat him as a kind of bastard Englishman) may not occasionally speak unadvisedly with his tongue, clearly life becomes for that man not worth living; and life ought not to be made not worth living for any man unless he has committed a greater crime than being 'born in a wale' and failing to take the consequences of the situation. When Mr. Warner is not too obviously goaded by the troublesome results of this novel kind of *recherche de la paternité* on the part of non-Americans, he is, in an ordinary way, a very pleasant writer. He would be pleasanter still if he did not occasionally make very labored jokes à la Mark Twain, and if he did not think it necessary to take up his parable constantly against the objectionableness of soldiers. The principles of the Peace Society are perfectly respectable and arguable principles, no doubt, but like other principles they become rather tedious when they are the perpetual subject of an *ad interim* argument in the history of a series of voyages in zigzag.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

LIEUT. KELLY'S 'The Question of Ships' announced by Messrs. Scribner is the larger development of an essay on 'Our Merchant Marine; the Causes of its Decline and the Means to be Taken for its Revival,' to which the gold medal and prize offered by the U. S. Naval Institute were awarded by a committee from the New York Chamber of Commerce. The book will be accompanied by statistical tables and an account of British and other foreign systems of administration; a statement of the condition of seafaring men; the necessity of providing for their training; the causes of marine disaster, etc. The principles of free trade and free ships are advocated.

A notable feature of the Harrison Library sale, which will take place at Clinton Hall, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of this month, is the unique edition of Shakespeare, extra-illustrated at a cost of \$18,000.

Messrs. Appleton have in press 'Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself'; 'A Hand-Book for Tree-Planting,' by Nathaniel H. Eggleston, and 'Flowers and Their Pedigrees,' by Allen Grant.

At a meeting of the Albany Academy, last Tuesday evening, the Rev. W. E. Griffis read an interesting paper on Commodore Perry.

Mr. M. M. Ballou, whose 'Treasury of Thought' passed through nine editions, has written a volume of travels called 'Due West,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish at the same time with a second edition, revised and enlarged, of 'An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy,' by Henry C. Lea, and the thirty-third volume of the Modern Classics Series, which will include selections from 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table' and 'Pages from an Odd Volume of Life.'

A volume of selections from the prose writings of Milton is in preparation for the Parchment Series (Appleton). 'A Collection of Sacred Lyrics,' by the editor of 'English Lyrics,' will also be included in the series.

It speaks well for the public taste that Messrs. Putnam find it profitable to get out so many new editions of Washington Irving's Works. The Stuyvesant Edition is the latest. It will be in seven volumes, printed from new type, and sold at a low price.

Princeton is fortunate in having secured Mr. Charles Dudley Warner for a course of four lectures on 'The Relation of Literature to Life.'

In the *March Century*, as we have already announced, the author of 'The Bread-winners' will print a letter to the public, in which he says: 'My motive in withholding my name is simple enough. I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised if it were known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act; but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote "The Bread-winners."'

A letter from London brings the pleasant information that Mr. William Black is not as ill as the cable would have us believe. Whatever may have been his condition, he is now sufficiently convalescent to enjoy a sojourn in the Highlands of Scotland.

Messrs. Putnam have in press 'Onnalinda,' a romance, in verse, of Indian life, by an anonymous writer; and the Poems of Mary Hunt McCaleb. The same firm also announce a new edition of 'The World's Progress,' brought down to date by Frederick B. Perkins and Lynds E. Jones, with a new portrait on steel of the original compiler, the late Mr. George P. Putnam. Previous editions of this work have reached a sale of 30,000 copies.

We are pleased to learn from so excellent an authority as Mr. Dana Estes that 'the retail book-trade in Boston for the past year has never been equalled in any year of its history.'

Henry Holt & Co. have in press 'The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop,' edited by his sister and accompanied by a portrait. Messrs. Holt will publish at the same time the Queen of Roumania's tales, 'Pilgrim Sorrow.'

A new and complete edition of Mr. E. C. Stedman's poems is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will contain a number of poems written since Mr. Stedman's last volume appeared.

Mr. W. S. Gottsberger will publish to-day a two-volume novel called 'Prusias,'—a romance of ancient Rome under the Republic, by Ernst Eckstein, author of 'Quintus Claudius,' translated from the German by Clara Bell. In his preface, the author states that he 'has not allowed himself to be strictly fettered by history in either of these stories. In both the figures of the hero and several of the principal characters are purely fictitious. The progress of events has even been somewhat altered from the facts, particularly in the last chapters. The notes, however, suffice to rectify these deviations from historic truth; though in "Prusias," as in "Quintus Claudius," they are not intended to explain the story, but rather to supplement and illustrate it. The narrative is told so as to be intelligible to the cultivated reader without their aid.'

Mr. Cable is recovering from the effects of the cold caught recently on his reading tour, and will be able before long to leave the house of his friend, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), where he has received every attention during his quite severe illness.

Literary Life is the name of a new and neatly printed monthly, dated Cleveland, O., and 'devoted to literary men and women and their works.'

A new story by Thomas Hardy, 'Emmeline, or Passion versus Principle,' is printed in the current *Independent*.

'An Old Man's Love,' Anthony Trollope's posthumous novel, will soon be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation a 'Guide to the Civil Service of the United States as Classified under the Civil Service Act of 1883,' including full information regarding the examinations for admission, and a list of all the non-elective offices and subordinate positions under the Government, and the salary or compensation of each. There is a variety of kindred matter in the volume, which has been prepared by John M. Comstock, Chairman of the Board of Examiners for Customs in New York.

Beethoven's 'King Stephen' Overture, Raff's 'Leonore' Symphony, and selections from Wagner's 'Meistersinger,' will be given at the fourth concert of the Symphony Society this (Saturday) evening. The soloists will be Mr. Fritz Giese, who will play an *andante* for the 'cello by A. Molique, and Miss Jessie Pinney, who is to try Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto for the piano.

The history of the Royal Theatre at Hanover, recently published, presents some curious features. As early as 1581, Henry Julius, Duke of Brunswick, appears as a dramatic poet with the comedy of 'Vincentius Ladislaus, Satrap of Mantua.' A hundred years later, Ernest Augustus, father of George I., causes Italian operas to be represented in a very grandiose style, the mechanist being apparently at least as important as the musician. Among the stage properties is recorded 'a griffin's nest.' A little later we find Handel the presiding genius, until he forsakes Hanover for England. Later still Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti' is performed, and nearly at the same time the theatre is closed altogether.

There is a sudden revival of interest in Keats. Two recent editions of his works and a magazine article will be followed by 'Selections from Keats,' by Mr. W. T. Arnold, published by Kegan Paul & Co. The volume, which was originally intended to make part of the Parchment Library, but which has now grown too large for that series, will contain all the poems included in the three volumes published during Keats's lifetime, and an introduction, in which Mr. Arnold has devoted himself to 'a study of Keats's poetic diction and its sources—in other words, of the influences which moulded him as a poet.'

'A real novelty,' says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'has this winter been introduced into bookbinding by Mr. Elliot Stock in connection with his facsimile first edition of 'The Religio Medici.' This volume, which has more than usual interest, because it shows the actual spelling and wording of the famous treatise as it was written by the author for his own edification and published surreptitiously by the printer, is bound apparently between two slabs of oak, beautifully grained and figured in low relief with a graceful scroll pattern. A close examination, however, shows that the wood is not solid, the fact being that some ingenious inventor has discovered a device whereby solid oak (in this case the wood came from an old chest) can be cut in slices of about the thickness of drawing paper, so softened as to receive the impression of a stamped pattern, and being then folded over a binding of cardboard made to present the appearance of carved oak. The book is desirable on every account.'

The Queen's new book is already printed. For many weeks past a copy of the work has been in Her Majesty's hands, and several presentation copies have been distributed to personal and private friends. The book is in one volume octavo. It contains some eight portraits and numerous full-page woodcuts, and will probably be in the hands of the public about the 12th.

'The Spanish Cortes,' says *The Academy*, 'have just voted the sum of £36,000 for the purchase of the Duke of Osuna's library. The manuscripts number 2770 volumes, and the printed books 32,567 volumes, besides 660 separate sheets and a number of prints arranged in series. The commission appointed to consider the purchase valued the books at nearly £12,000, while it declared the manuscripts to be of inestimable worth. The sum of £46,000 originally asked by the Dowager Duchess was reduced by negotiations to the amount above mentioned, and the price actually paid covers the purchase of the bookcases, which will be taken over with their contents. The main body of the collection is to be added to the Biblioteca Nacional, but works not needed there will be distributed among provincial libraries.'

Herbert Spencer's forthcoming articles on current political topics were written as well for *The Popular Science Monthly* as for *The Contemporary Review*, and the first of the series appeared in the February *Monthly* in advance of its publication in the *Review*. 'The present paper,' says Prof. Youmans, introducing the series to the readers of the *Monthly*, 'though treating of affairs in England, and therefore full of English illustrations, will be found to have a bearing upon urgent questions in this country, and to involve, indeed, some of the most radical problems of popular government. . . . Mr. Spencer's future papers will probably bear much more directly upon American political problems than the present.'

We learn by the cable that Browning's new poem will appear in April. —Louis J. Jennings is engaged in writing a life of John Wilson Croker, a prominent politician of a generation ago. He will give letters from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, written during the early Reform agitation. —It is report-

ed that Signor Edmondo de Amicis, the celebrated Italian traveller and author, is going to America to lecture. He has been guaranteed 40,000 lire. —Mr. Brander Matthews's new drama is in preparation at the Court Theatre, and will be produced some time in March.

The next volume in the Parchment Library (Appleton) will be a new translation of the Book of Psalms by the Rev T. K. Cheyne.

Lady Brassey has written an account of her recent voyage in the Sunbeam to the West Indies, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Longman under the lengthy, but descriptive, title of 'In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties.' It will be illustrated with several maps, and with numerous woodcuts after drawings by Mr. R. T. Pritchett.

After a lapse of four years, a new edition—the eleventh—of 'Men of the Time' appears. In that period 434 persons noticed in its pages having died disappear from the body of the book and take their places in the 'necrology' at the end. Some of the dead, however, still figure in its pages. The editor assures us that the work is 'to all intents and purposes a new book,' and it is 100 pages thicker than its immediate predecessor. Notwithstanding this, *The Pall Mall Gazette* gives a list of over a hundred well-known persons not mentioned in its pages.

'One by one the old book-clubs which were founded throughout England in the concluding years of the last century,' says *The Academy*, 'are being dissolved, and their collections dispersed by auction.'

Among the 'curiosities' of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition are the contents of a case, being personal relics of Sir Joshua Reynolds, such as the famous sketch in ink, made to the indignation of his father, who recorded the fact that 'this is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness'; the snuff-box immortalized in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation'; the broad-rimmed silver-framed spectacles, often painted in portraits of the artist; and a genial letter to Boswell, referring to a dinner-party.

E. & J. B. Young & Co. will shortly publish a volume of sermons by the late Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, with an Introduction by the Bishop of Springfield and a Memoir by Mr. Chas. D. Congdon.

'Dearly Bought' is the title of a novel to be issued next month in Henry A. Sumner & Co.'s Hammock Series. The name was the choice of the author, Clara L. Burnham, we presume, and not of the publisher, in reference to the price paid for the manuscript. And readers of the novel are not expected to turn the title against the lady herself, who is the author, also, of two previous issues in the same series—'No Gentlemen,' and 'A Sane Lunatic.'

A correspondent writes to *The Athenæum*: 'The effects of Miss Bewick, to be disposed of in her native city, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, early in February, will include some interesting relics of Thomas Bewick—books, caricatures, scrap-books, snuff-boxes, a Malacca cane, the hautboy with which John Bewick amused himself in his summer evening strolls about Hornsey and the banks of the Thames, a dress sword, a writing case, magnifying glasses, and the working tools of Mr. R. E. Bewick. The wood blocks illustrating the Newcastle sale catalogue—which are stated to have been discovered in a box at Mr. Bewick's house and not previously used—are to be disposed of at a later date, with others, including "The Birds," "Quadrupeds," "Æsop's Fables," and the Memoir by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 596.—What is the correct pronunciation of the word 'amateur.' Does the last syllable take the sound of *eu* in the French *soeur*, or is it *ter* or *teur*? Can you give me another English word with the same letters and pronunciation—that is 'teur'—for last syllable?

BAY PORT, L. I.

J. F. M.

[As a French word, of course the *eu* has the same sound as in *soeur*. In English both pronunciations are permissible, according to the dictionaries. That giving the *eu* the long sound of *u*, as in *lure*, is the more common but the less correct.]

No. 597.—Can any one inform me as to the source of the following quotations, none of which are given in the Bartlett or the Hoyt and Ward Cyclopædia?

1. He might have soared in the morning-light,
But built his nest with the birds of night.
2. Across the sea the blue-eyed Saxon came.
3. Quod licet Jovi, non licet Bovi!

NEW YORK CITY.

M. A. L.

ANSWERS.

No. 552.—You attribute the poem containing the line 'And when the evening shades prevail' to Addison. Bryant, in his 'Library of Poetry and Song,' says the hymn originally appeared in *The Spectator*, and so is popularly, but erroneously, supposed to have been composed by Addison. He gives Andrew Marvell as the author. Which is correct?

FOND DU LAC, WIS.

H. H. B.

[In attributing the poem to Addison we followed the authority of Bartlett's Dictionary (rarely at fault in such matters), of Hoyt and Ward's Cyclopædia, and of Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry.' The poem is attributed to Marvell in the edition of his works published in 1776 by Capt. Thompson, but on very slender evidence. Pope declares directly that the poem was Addison's. The Marvell theory is urged in *The Athenæum* of May 30, 1869; the opposite theory in a number of *The Cornhill Magazine* of the same year. We still think that the weight of evidence is in favor of Addison's authorship.]

No. 571.—2. 'Henry Holbeach' was one pseudonym ('Mathew Browne' was another) of W. B. Rands, who died a year or two since. His best-known work is 'Chauncer's England,' but he was also a prolific contributor to the best magazines, having (according to the Q. P. Index to British Monthly Reviews) written no less than 15 articles for *The Contemporary Review* alone.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. M. G.

No. 579.—The poem 'Flower in the crannied wall' is published in Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s Red Line Edition of Tennyson's Poems, printed in 1879. The words in full are:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower;—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 3.

D.

No. 579.—The verse or stanza referred to,—'Flower in the crannied wall'—consists of five or six lines, and has no title. It can be found just

above 'Lucretius' and after 'Higher Pantheism' in the Riverside Press edition of 1878, page 124.

CHAUNY HALL SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

ABBY F. HARRIS.

No. 579.—The six lines beginning 'Flower in the crannied wall' may be found among the miscellaneous poems at the end of the 'Holy Grail' volume. By the way, *The Pull Mall Gazette* correspondent quoted in your columns is wrong in saying that the line 'The grand old gardener and his wife,' in 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' is printed otherwise in the American editions.

HANOVER, N. H., Feb. 4.

C. F. R.

No. 580.—Regarding the word 'peen.' In Webster's Unabridged it will be found spelled *pin*,—i having the sound of *æ*. It is given as a verb transitive—not as a noun.

JOHNSTON, R. I.

C. W.

No. 586.—I can't see how the translation of Prof. Haeckel's 'India and Ceylon,' issued by S. E. Cassino & Co., can be, as you say it is, 'more complete' than mine, made for the Lovell (not Standard) Library. I translated every word of Prof. Haeckel's letters, and only a few short paragraphs, relating to the dimensions, power, etc., of one of the steamer lines running from Trieste, were purposely omitted by the publishers. Professor Haeckel sent for twenty-five copies of my translation, to distribute among his English friends in India, and I have received several letters complimenting me on the work. I certainly tried to do well. Messrs. Cassino & Co. persisted in republishing the English translation (issued in London), although informed that I was engaged in getting one ready for America. I should have shared with Prof. Haeckel the pecuniary honors—had I received any; but my work was *gratis*.

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 1, 1884.

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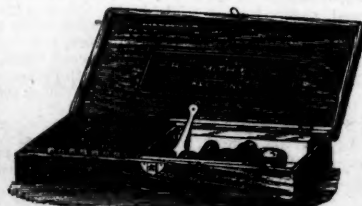
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